

EXHIBIT Y

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Subject: Tracy wolff vampire project

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Hi Stacy,

Here's the meet cute as promised. It's the direction that came to me without any other writing, so if it's not what you guys are looking for let me know and I'm happy to rewrite it. Also, they don't actually say anything to each other here because I think he's too much a villain in his own head for that. But again, happy to change however you guys would like it. I tried to write more downmarket and think I got it for the most part, though I'm happy to take another pass at that as well,

Looking forward to hearing what you guys think.

Tracy

Grace Foster

Jaxon Watts

I take a large gulp of the tea I don't want and didn't ask for. Not because I'm worried about fitting in because, let's be real, I'll never fit in here. Not with all these poised, beautiful people. No, I do it because everyone is staring at me— and I mean everyone. The weight of two hundred eyes all focused on me. On the new girl.

The tea burns its way down my throat, but I don't care. The pain gives me something to focus on besides the discomfort of this whole situation. Something to pay attention to besides the fact that the longer I stand here, the harder it is not to feel like some kind of spectacle.

A mere mortal among gods ... or monsters.

I've been here nearly forty-eight hours and I still haven't decided which these very rich, very pretty, very talented people are. The same way I haven't decided if this scrutiny is just some kind of passing aberration ... or if it's something more sinister.

Just the thought sends a shiver of unease sliding down my spine. It's ridiculous, I know. I mean, they're just people. Pretty people, sure. Snobby people, absolutely. But still, just people. Or at least that's what I tell myself as I inch my way closer to the corner, where I know I'll feel more comfortable. After all, wallflower isn't just a descriptor for me. It's a mission statement and has been for as long as I can remember. Plus the fact that my back will be protected by not one but *two* walls is also a nice selling point for the location.

I'm taking a second sip of tea—this one not quite so scalding—when the door to the suite flies open. It slams against the wall with a bang that makes me jump. Worse, it drags my eyes up from the tea I've deliberately focused on for the last few minutes. And once I'm looking up, I can't help but see *him*. He walks in like he owns the place—and everybody in it.

Dressed all in designer black— V-neck T, jeans, hiking boots-- he's the most beautiful boy I've *ever* seen. Also the most dangerous looking.

I try to look away, but it's impossible. He's captivating. Mesmerizing. Sexy af. And that's before he starts to move. Then he's all languid grace, all rolling shoulders and leading hips and legs that go on for freaking ever.

It's overwhelming.

He is overwhelming.

Hoping it will help me chill out a little, I take a second to step back from the whole of him and catalog all the different parts. Surely, I'll find a flaw or three in there somewhere. And if it also gives me the chance to find the breath that's suddenly gone missing from my lungs, that'll be good too.

The only problem with my plan is that each of his parts is as good as the whole.

Shiny dark hair that's just a little too long, so that the bangs skim across his razor sharp cheekbones.

Black eyes that look like they take in everything and feel nothing, surrounded by the longest, most obscene lashes I've ever seen.

Plush, poison red lips.

A jaw that could cut diamonds.

Alabaster white skin.

A fallen angel face.

Is it any wonder I can't remember how to breathe? Especially since all I can suddenly think about is kissing that mouth. Running my tongue along the perfect cupid's bow of his upper lip. Dragging his lower lip between my teeth and biting down just a little bit.

I feel crazy—wild—just thinking it, considering how far out of my league he is. But I can't shake the thought, even when his head snaps around and he focuses those all-seeing eyes right on me.

Especially then.

My skin heats up, my cheeks burning with embarrassment at the thoughts flitting through my head. And at the way he's looking at me, like he can read every single one of them.

It's impossible, I know it is. But the idea terrifies me enough that I jerk my eyes from his. Then I lift my teacup to my mouth, trying to look unconcerned. And end up choking on my tea.

I cover my mouth and cough hard, eyes watering and humiliation burning in my belly. I try to pretend I don't notice, but I can still feel the weight of all those cold stares, know my new classmates are still watching me as I try to suck air into lungs that just won't cooperate.

I need to get to the nearest restroom. At least there I can die in peace

I start to move—I think I saw one on my way in—but I've only taken a couple steps when he's suddenly right there, next to me. He doesn't acknowledge me, doesn't even look at me as he passes, but our shoulders bump as he walks by.

The water choking fit disappears as quickly as it started. Fresh air floods my lungs.

If I didn't know it was impossible, I would think he had something to do with it. Not just the choking, but the stopping of it, as well.

But he didn't. Of course, he didn't. The whole idea is absurd.

Knowing that doesn't keep me from turning around and watching him walk away even though it's the worst thing I can do—for my sanity and my reputation-- if the snark and giggles behind me are any indication.

He doesn't look at anyone as he walks over the buffet table set up against the back wall. Doesn't so much as glance anyone's way as he swipes one large, perfect strawberry from a bowl. He doesn't pop it in his mouth like I expect him to, though. Instead he walks to the center of the room—and the huge wingback chair positioned there like a throne—and settles himself across it. Back against one arm, legs draped across the other.

Only then does he look at me again. Brows raised, eyes cold, lips twisted in a mockery of a smile that sends ice and heat sliding through my veins in equal measure. And that's before he raises the strawberry to his lips and bites it cleanly in half.

It's a warning if I've ever seen one and that's before I notice the red juice glistening on his bottom lip and pooling at the right corner of his mouth. I know I should stay, know I should face him down. But as his tongue darts out and licks up the strawberry juice in a very obvious screw you to me and everyone else in the room, I do the only thing I can.

I turn and run.